



Returns

Adam Fieled

cover image by Matt Stevenson
Adam Fieled at the Eris Temple, 2010
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Wittgenstein's Song

Merely brilliant is no match

for being intimate. When you catch

a wave that breaks, you can only

half-determine its' course. Lonely

is the determined man, whether

it's he who decides his fate or fetters

the world lays on him. This

I learned from a young man's kiss.

Thus, I've learned, said nothing.

To be silent is something

for the wise to practice. Words

go too far. How much have we heard

worth holding onto? How much said

that can placate what we dread?

After Andrew Marvell

Twelve long years, with the length
of all that time squeezed into a
universe that hovers between us,
as I knock back a third Jack and
Coke and you stir your Jameson,
as our eyes meet and I re-read in
my head what I wrote in a journal
twelve years ago: "two-faced,
mannish, and frigid." That's our
universe: words scrawled in the
heat of undecided passion, which
resolved in the submissive caresses
of another. Yet they hover there,
still undecided because I bet you
kept a journal too, and a good
one, and if you didn't well then
our universe isn't much, I don't give
a shit about the coyness that
can't be squeezed without stress,
and I'll find another mistress.

Concentrate!

for Mary Evelyn Harju

laughter rises from (concentrate!) throats
in depths, de profundis; cushions w/ sheets
w/ floral patterns & wind rushes in;

streets surreal w/ coffee-shops (open at eleven),
so we go, get coffee, a brownie, sit
on curb / baltimore ave. near clark park—

we hit it— slides, grim metal
fence, against park-lavatory walls
mary's lips taste like sweet brandy—

here we are; (concentrate!)

Sisters

Oh, she was really cute,
but she just doesn't get
it. I mean, she has these
perfect little blue eyes,
and our feet were almost
touching, but she kept
talking about other girls.
It didn't help that I had
to hear her whole stupid
life story about growing
up in fucking Reading.
Now she wants to open
up a shop with sex toys
and a café. I mean, that's
fine, but it was all about
her, I couldn't get a word
in edgewise, and now I
can't go into the bar where
she works because I sort
of don't want to see her.
But I'm still attracted to
her too. I swear to God,
all these fucking hick girls
come to the city and they
can't handle it. I wanted
to tell her, listen, sister,
don't mess around with
a girl that's been around.
You're cute but I could
fuck you over if I wanted
to. I've got skills that you
don't. What's the point?
She'll learn soon enough.

Derrida's "Dead"

So I
spy Abby
come in
dressed for

sex hair
bleached bra
non-strapped
if she strips

for me I'll
be happy
to be
"around" her

but she has
no ideas but
in things,
hard to be

hard, hard
to be
hard

Hikmet (a poem for Nazim)

most remarkable you loved a world
that nailed you like a too-vivid portrait
(red, blue, green) to soot-blackened
walls; that this love kept showing up
in poems like gold-rinded oranges;
that you kept it, always, close at hand.

stuck in thorn-bushes the length
of america, I look for this love
(fruit, flesh) inside myself, find
steel-hewn indifference, implacable,
endless, & america its faithful
mirror (informer, accomplice).

thus, all relation is blocked, unless I peel you away & swallow
your seeds. despite my cash-confiscated fingers, I'll try...

Rainy Day, Dream Away

It's raining
an incorrigible sky pouts whitely

I never really felt so much before
about the sky, it's "apartness"....

to wake up on such a day is to sleep

I sit, look down on glazed leaves

minute pirouettes a revelation, revolution

sodden air
thick concrete zones
this is a city after all
tire-hiss proves it
coming from down below

after all I'm up high, practically clouded
heavy eye-lids pale shrouds of "what is"
"what is" seems irrelevant data

white curtains drawn across the street
two bodies must be improvising wetly

to sit on such a day is to stand

in a squared circle of derisive un-laughter

who knew the clouds were such serious business

that rain could be so meta-rational

Gun and Knife

after John Tranter

“Please, please, I’m begging you—
don’t do it at 3 am, when
I’m sleeping, but rather at
high noon, in a public square,
so that everyone can see a
thousand rosy rivulets run
like waterfalls away from
my innards. A sawed-off
shotgun, please, fed to me
like cornbread, what I know
is really best, no need for
a spoon, just shove it in.
Then, when my brain dots
& streaks several unready
awnings, the knife, have it
be long, terrible as angels
dancing & as merciless,
plunge it, deeper, deeper,
so that I feel my aorta
being severed, really feel
it, how shockingly irrevocable,
just like that, so that literal
nothingness becomes my
only reality, which it already
is, which is why I’m begging
you, please, please.”

Rain Fall

It is constrained by water-wheels

It is beneath a tide of shorelines

It is in this way I reach out to you

I give you a seal made of pillows

I give you a pledge made of sheets

I want to be buried beneath you

as you move mountains off of

all in us exhausted by rain fall

all in us exhausted

all in us

What Is and What Should Never Be

I was up in the stacks, picking at
a scab done in blank verse, I was
gazing blankly at lone/level sands,
I saw you floating in ginger down
aisle after aisle of carrion, carrying
red beacon light from a head halo,
I saw a book suddenly snapped, I
saw you in blurs of blue metaphor,
I was up against you in an aisle, I
took you into a kind of castle that
was really a closet, in castle/closet
we were magically welded to rivers
we were dirt to Browning in greens
catch the wind sail and spin way up
I woke to the sound of rain's gong
I saw that the desert had melted

Twisted Limbs

apocalypse out there. here,
endless wheels, sparks; pockets
of restrained & segmented light.
lovely ways you defy me. best
moments, always, you on top,
when the world ends a little
bit. warmth between lovers
can never be unnatural. nor
can hostage-taking, or a healthy
regard for oblivion. it's all
that's left in common between
us & them: twisted limbs. our
mouths move like theirs:
flips, bites. our movements
prefigure the same ends:
consummated peace, mediated
silence, "deliberate hebetude."
we're with them as a necessary
antithesis. they can't see us.
they never could. it's left to
us to make a balance, if we can.
we'll need nothing less than luck.

Credits

Big Bridge, Melancholias Tremulous Dreadlocks— “Twisted Limbs”

Mirage, P.F.S. Post— “Wittgenstein’s Song,” “Rainy Day, Dream Away” (Mirage)

moria poetry— “After Andrew Marvell,” “concentrate!”, “Hikmet,” “What Is and What Should Never Be”

Spider Vein Impasto— “Gun and Knife”

Returns was originally released as a **Mipoesias** chapbook, online and in print, in 2010.

Returns is available to be listened to on **PennSound**.

